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"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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UNCLE JOHN.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

WHILE THE railroad rate bill is being amended, something might be done about the Pullman upper berth rate.

DR. MINOT of Harvard fixes the age of 30 as the beginning of the period of permanent fatigue. Mr. Jerome is over 30.

"A SQUARE DEAL does not mean the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many."—Odell.

Very true. But it is unusual for a prominent Republican to condemn so frankly his party's tariff doctrine.

THE PHILIPPINE Commission is considering a plan to abolish the use of opium in the islands. Of equal urgency, we should say, would be a commission to abolish the use of cocaine in Chicago. There are said to be 70,000 victims of the drug in the western metropolis.

MAYOR DUNNE complains that the newspapers exaggerate the extent of crime in Chicago; that there are only, on an average, twelve every day—not fifteen or sixteen, as the press presumably has alleged. Mr. Dunne has mistaken his calling. There are several jobs he is better fitted for than that of Mayor of the second city of America.

A WILKESBARRE MAN, without his knowledge, carried a one-inch nail in his neck for twenty-six years. Doubtless we are impudently curious, but we should like to know, nevertheless, how long he carries the letters which his wife gives him to mail.

IN HIS latest book Mr. Chesterton, the English essayist, says that yellow journalism is not sensational or startling in the least; it is only bad journalism. He remarks aptly: "It is quite true that these editors print everything they possibly can in capital letters. But they do this, not because it is startling, but because it is soothing. To people wholly weary or partly drunk, in a dimly lighted train, it is a simplification and a comfort to have things presented in this vast and obvious manner."

ON ACCOUNT of the short ice crop, highballs will be fifteen cents straight the coming summer.

NEW YORK's celebrated "Traffic Squad" is slowly dwindling. It was useful and it was ornamental, but it was too expensive. So much of the city's income is needed by the grafters.

ACTOR SIDNEY DREW's bankruptcy schedule mentions, among other debts, \$100 for merchandise and \$60 for photographs. Isn't that a good deal to spend on merchandise?

WHAT a difference there is between Taft and Fairbanks! Regarding a nomination for the presidency, Mr. Taft says he is "only considering the matter jocularly, in no sense seriously." Whereas

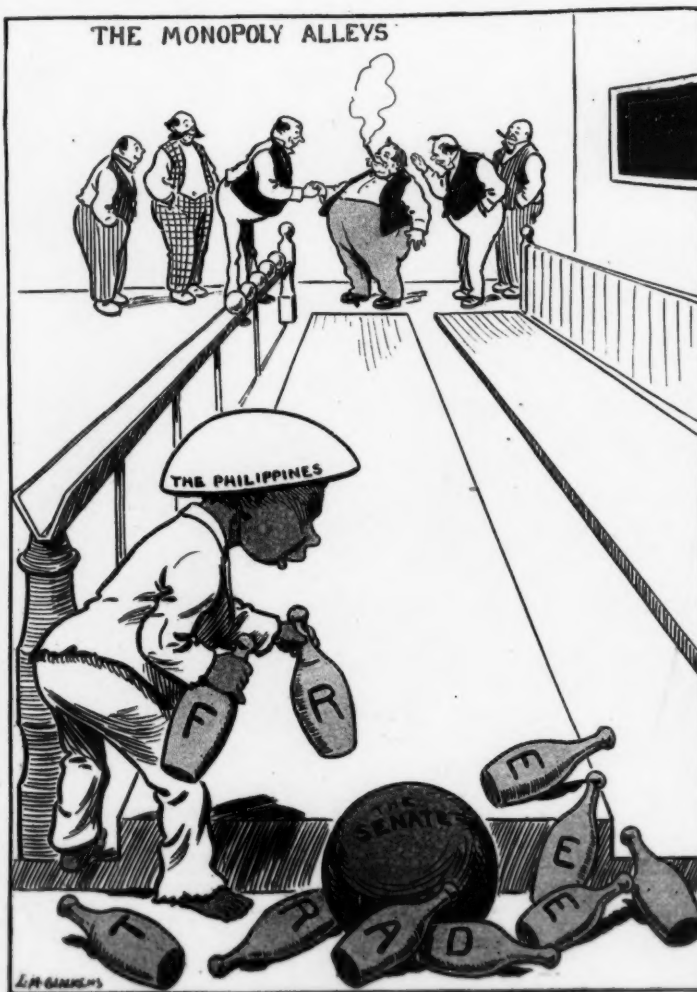
Mr. Fairbanks, Indiana's Biggest Stick, insists on considering it seriously, in no sense jocularly.

TO A DEPUTATION of the monarchical party, the Czar recently remarked, "My autocratic power will ever remain as it always has been." Saying which he crawled back into his bomb-proof boudoir and requested that the guard be doubled.

THE MOST valuable book in the British Museum is the "Codex Alexandrinus," said to be worth \$1,500,000. The most valuable book in the United States at present is "The Codex Col. Mannus," but even for that, the rates have never quite equalled \$1,500,000.

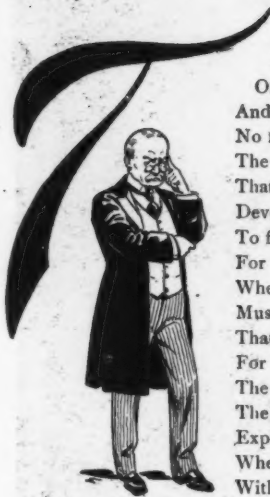
THEY ARE taking the census in Paris and are expected to show, when completed, that Paris ranks as a 3,000,000 city. If the Parisian census-taker is a courteous gentleman, he will jot down Jim Hazen Hyde and make it 3,000,001.

OUR VALUED German contemporary, the *Leipziger Volks-Zeitung*, maintains a nominal editor who does the going to jail when the paper is jumped on for *lese majesté*. Herein is a suggestion for our venerable friend, Col. W. D'Alton Mann.



SET 'EM UP AGAIN.

?



O GRAFT or not to graft: that is the question.
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of a square man's fortune
Or to take arms against our conscience rumbles
And by opposing, end them: To graft, to fret
No more: and by a haul to say we end
The heartache and the hidden honest ways
That poverty is heir to; 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished: To graft, to fret,
To fret: perchance to fume; ay, there 's the rub,
For when we graft too much what cops may come
When we have garnered up our filthy roll
Must give us pause; there 's the respect
That no one gives to an investigated life,
For who would bear the whips and scorn of the press
The oppressors' wrong, the law's full sway,
The insolence of public and the stern
Exposure of one's grafting methods
When he himself can his quietus make
With an honest record?

Tom Masson.

PAINLESS FOOTBALL.

BULLETINS FROM NEXT HARVARD-YALE GAME.

2:17 P.M. Harvard team has come on field wearing sack suits and red neckties.

2:20. Yale team appears in sack suits and blue celluloid collars. Much favorable comment. Slight delay over Harvard protest against Yale wearing buttons on coat-tails, which are forbidden by rules of correct dress. Protest referred to *Ladies' Home Journal*.

2:30. Yale's ball. Harvard fined ten yards for disarranging rugs on field. Frequent delays to dust the ball.

3:12. Great excitement. Two spectators discovered, who had paid fifty-five cents admission. Legal rate fifty cents. Expelled amid hisses.

3:24. Cards are being distributed, advertising prize-fight after game, at opera house, under auspices of President Elliot. Many spectators start at once.

4:17. Second half. Harvard team appears in frock coats. Report that Yale will delay game till six o'clock and then wear full dress.



THE AUTOMORMON.

EXPRESSLY DESIGNED FOR FAMILY USE IN UTAH.

4:46. Yale penalized twenty yards for touching opponent. Great excitement. Game called by Harvard Overseers, because excitement is expressly forbidden by rules.



DANIEL IN THE LIONS' "DEN."

PUCK

AN EPIGRAMMATIC EPISODE. THE EVERY-DAY SOCIAL LIFE OF THE LADY CLARIBEL FITZHUGH.



AS EVERYBODY was talking at once, and nobody was listening, Lady Claribel Fitzhugh seized her opportunity. She crowded Lord Cecil into a corner where he could not get away. There was the old dangerous smile on her lips. "Have at you!" she cried gaily.

Then there began the duel inevitable when these two singular beings met. Lord Cecil, seeing he could not help himself—as, indeed, he seldom could—began without waiting for his cue:

"Women affect coyness as an addition to their beauty," he said. "But it is obvious that Lady Claribel is wholly sincere."

"To study men is more necessary than to study books," she answered instantly, ignoring his irony, "and you know very well you are the only man at this reception. So you need n't feel flattered by the attention."

Then, seeing she could not evade his satire without missing a good chance, she added: "Timidity is a fault dangerous to reprehend in those we would reform."

Lord Cecil was incredibly quick on his feet. But, after all, he was a man, and British. He could answer but one thing at a time. "Reform!" he echoed, forgetting for the moment his originality. "Reform you? Never! By Juno, you cut too pretty a figure."

Lady Claribel caught her breath. This quality of Lord Cecil's wit was new to her. For the fraction of a moment she was disconcerted. Then she replied in kind, saying: "I have noticed that *Punch* is a trifle strong this week."

It was the first time in her life she had ever failed to utter an epigram at need. And she felt the shame of it keenly. Lord Cecil felt sorry for her, so he said the first thing that came into his head. It was: "Let me remind you that magnanimity is the good sense of pride and the noblest way of acquiring applause."

Lady Claribel recovered herself at once. "Ah!" she exclaimed.

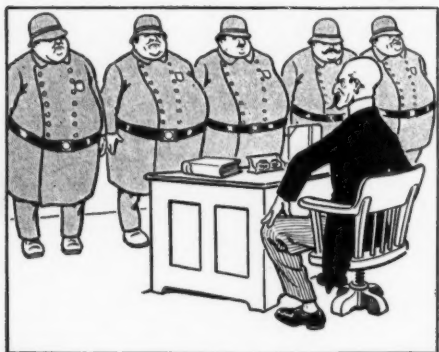


HIS FIRST PATIENT.

"Pride will not owe, and self-love will not pay. If we were not proud ourselves we should not complain of the pride of others. There is often more pride than goodness in our concern for the misfortunes of our enemies. We make them feel our superiority by showing our compassion."

She was speaking very rapidly now, her eyes flashing, and with the ease of one who knows what is coming next. Lord Cecil feared she would presently begin with the proverbs. To save himself he ejaculated:

THE SHAKEN-DOWN COPS OF THE CHUG-CHUG SQUAD.



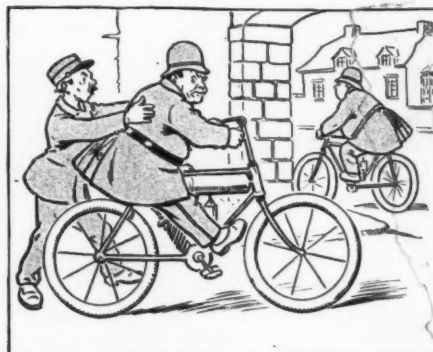
I.

POLICE COMMISSIONER.—All you 300 pounders are hereby assigned to the Motor Cycle Squad.



II.

THE 300 POUNDERS.—Saints help us all! 'T is dead men we are!



III.

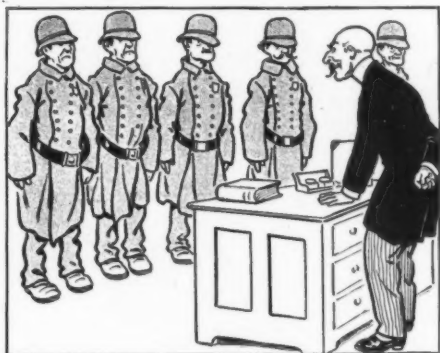
ONE OF THEM.—Aisy now, fur th' love of Hivin!

PUCK



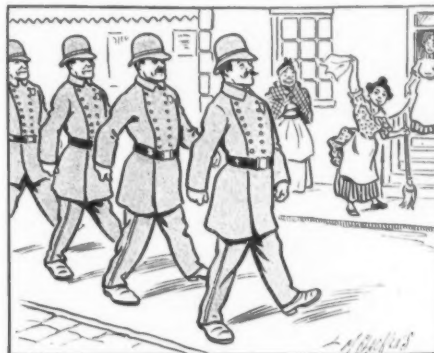
IV.

CHORUS OF MOTOR CYCLES.—B-r-r-r. Chug! Chug! Chug, chug, chug, chugchugchugchug, ch-ch-ch-br-r-r!



V.

THE COMMISSIONER (one month later).
—Taken off 150 pounds in four weeks, hey?
Well, now you can go back on patrol.



VI.

THE FORMER 300 POUNDERS.—Sure,
't is a foine mon the boss is!

"I beg pardon, but you are stepping on my toes. Besides, Nature may give very great advantages, but she must have the concurrence of fortune to make heroes, and—"

"I wish you had not said that!" exclaimed Lady Claribel, pettishly. "I might have said it if you had only waited. It really sounds more like *me*. If—"

He cut in generously: "Never mind. Forget that I said it. Make it your own. Color it with your wonderful femininity. Wrap yourself around it. Say it as only you can say it. They will never know. They never do. Besides, I have others."

The eagerness of the altruist all but carried him off his feet. Fortunately Lady Claribel was standing on them again.

She was silent for a moment. Lord Cecil recovered his *savoir faire* and extricated his feet. "But I don't know just how to lead up to it," she said at last. "I can't let it off just anywhere, you know. It is such a bother. These dull people one meets at dinners *will* be relevant. As if real wit bothered itself about relevancy!"

There came another moment of rare silence. Lady Claribel was the first to notice it. "Well, well!" she said impatiently, tapping her foot. She did this delightfully, but it made Lord Cecil nervous. He looked anxiously around.

"Don't you really know?" he asked;—"you, with all your aptitude for repartee, don't you even suspect?"

"Suspicion," began Lady Claribel, but Lord Cecil scented another epigram.

"If you really want to know how to lead up to it," he said softly, interrupting her. "It really seems ridiculous to have to tell you, but if you really want to lead up to it, don't you know,

just repeat those sayings of La Rochefoucauld that go immediately before."

But Lady Claribel was busy recalling another epigram, and did not hear him. All of which is written with acknowledgements to several brilliant fabricators of fiction.

W. T. Larned.



NATURE'S EXPLANATION.

MISS ROSENSTEIN.—He says his love for me is a burning passion, mother; but most lovers grow thin, vile he keeps agrowing fatter.

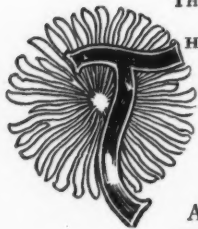
HER MOTHER.—Vell, perhabs he iss expanding mit der heat!

There is always room at the top, of course, but sometimes its a whole lot more sociable at the bottom.

PUCK

FABLES OF THE COMMONPLACE.

THE FABLE OF THE MAN WHO ACHIEVED SERENITY.



HERE WAS ONCE a man who worried. Trifles light as air were sufficiently ponderable to upset his mental equilibrium, and his normal viewpoint, about five hours out of each eight-hour working day, was that of a man up a tree. Where the fads of other men run to golf, health foods or Assyrian hieroglyphs, his fad was nerves, and seven mail carriers had sprained their spines carrying the loads of rest-cure prospectuses, new-thought literature and other printed matter of a "Sunny Jim" character that went to his address daily. For years his friends had besought him to join the "Don't Worry" club, but he consistently turned toward them the ear whereon hung the "Nothing Doing" sign, and seemed as backward about butting into strange society as a Standard Oil magnate is in answering the queries of an Attorney General.

When, through close application to his fad, the man's hair had become almost as infrequent as honest members of the United States Senate, he decided to call a halt.

"Forsooth!" he exclaimed; "wherein have I profited by my worrying? I will achieve serenity!"

(It should be explained that he did not really say "forsooth." Nobody ever did in real life, but the word is indispensable alike to the constructor of fables and the historical novelist.)

Thereupon the man began the pursuit of serenity, and sought without ceasing to acquire the philosophic viewpoint. He bit back swearwords and peevish remarks until his teeth were worn almost down to his gums; the errand boy no longer entered his private office in the attitude of Ajax defying the lightning, and for the first time in eleven years a stenographer remained in his employ more than a week. At last, at the close of a busy day, he pulled down the top of his desk, leaned back and with a sigh of contentment he murmured:

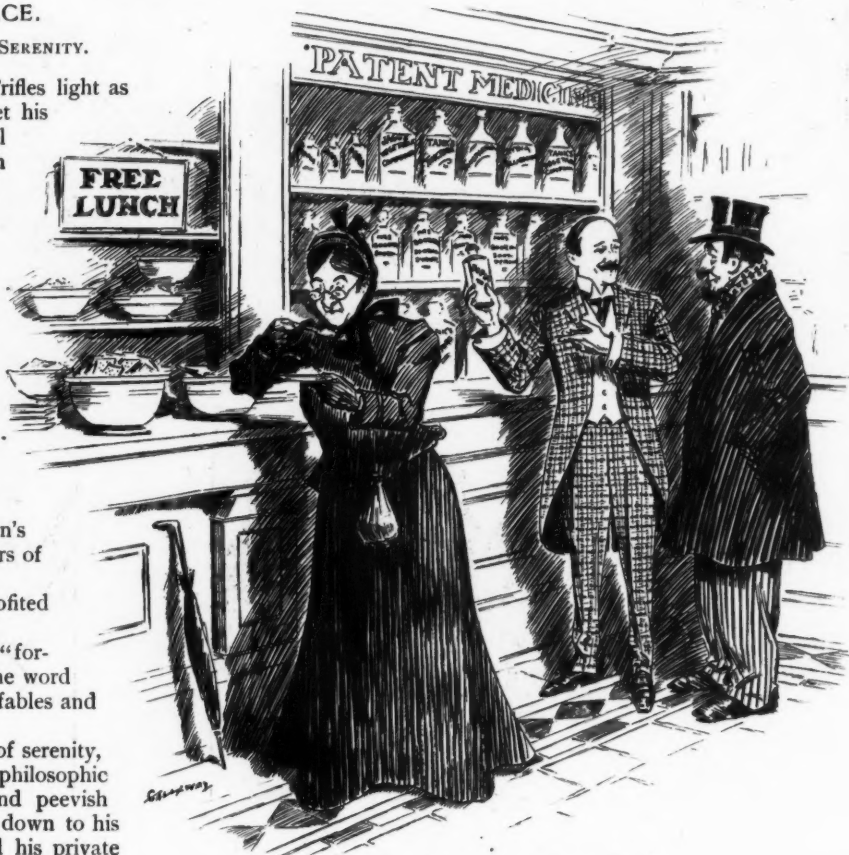
"It is done! I have achieved serenity; I have acquired the philosophic viewpoint!"

Radiating cheerfulness like a soft coal furnace disseminates soot, the man went home, where, until bed time, he beamed and glowed upon his awe-stricken family.

The next morning he awoke with an acute attack of lumbago.

MORAL: It frequently happens that bumps are as thickly sprinkled in the paths of the righteous as they are in the trails of the alderman, the beef packer, the insurance president, the pick-pocket, or the porch climber.

Frank Glover Heaton.



THE HAUNTS OF ALCOHOL.

MRS. SHUNBOWL.—This druggist's free lunch is getting skimpier and poorer every week. If he does n't brace it up some mighty soon, I'll buy my patent medicine somewhere else.

LOVE.

A LITTLE boy, a little bow,
Shooting a very little shaft, —
'T is they that make the gray old world
Go round, and broke, and daft.

THE USES OF TIME.

THEN Time and the Old Man fell into a little colloquy.

"You've dealt pretty gently with me, I think," quoth the Old Man.

"And why not?" rejoined Time. "You've always used me about right."

LET YOUR AUTO HEADLIGHT ADVERTISE YOUR BUSINESS.



The Undertaker's Auto.

The Chorus Girl's Auto.

The Dentist's Auto.

The Pawnbroker's Auto.



THE
MAIDEN
WITH
THE
DOWNCAST
EYES.



II.

I.
'T was at a Monday bargain sale
That Mabel bought her dotted veil.

II.
Her friends won't tell her what they know,
She thinks the veil becomes her so.



DROPPED OUT.

CHARLES and William were brothers. They were bright and perfectly clever, and very popular among their friends.

Charles became Vice-President of the United States, and was thenceforward referred to as "the late Mr. Smith." William got married, and his former friends asked one another: "What has become of William Smith?"

MORAL: The difference between marriage and the Vice-Presidency is that the term of the latter is fixed.

TRIUMPH.

"I'M NOT cast down," the old can said,
Upon the heap of ashes gray,
"For once I held aloft my head
And quite enjoyed my little day.

"Within a Boston store I stood,
All seers with joy to overwhelm.
Filled with that husky fighting food,
The baked beans of St. Botolph's realm.

"So when I feel the gamin's kick,
Or when I'm by the tramp upturned;
Or badly battered by the brick,
Or by the goat as fodder spurned,

"I do not fret, I do not cry.
I do not heave with mighty woe,
I dream about the past and sigh
With all the rapture I can know;

"Though here grime-fraught in sun and rain
I roll, to me it nothing means.
For once I held, and not in vain,
One quart of Boston's classic beans."

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE LIMIT.

THE height of superfluity was voiced the other day by a commuter who said that he regarded a certain man, then under discussion, as the fourth ball to a pawnbroker's sign.

WAKING HIM UP.

THE WIDOW.—Now, gittin' right down teh cold, hahd facts, Mose, what am yo' prospec's?

THE SUITOR.—Mah deah, I'se got a good job as manageli ob a laundry in sight.

THE WIDOW.—Well, yo' want teh git dat out ob sight an' fo'git it! Mah last husband had dat same hallucination, but de lady who promised teh lub, honeh an' obey him pos'tively refused teh be de laundry!

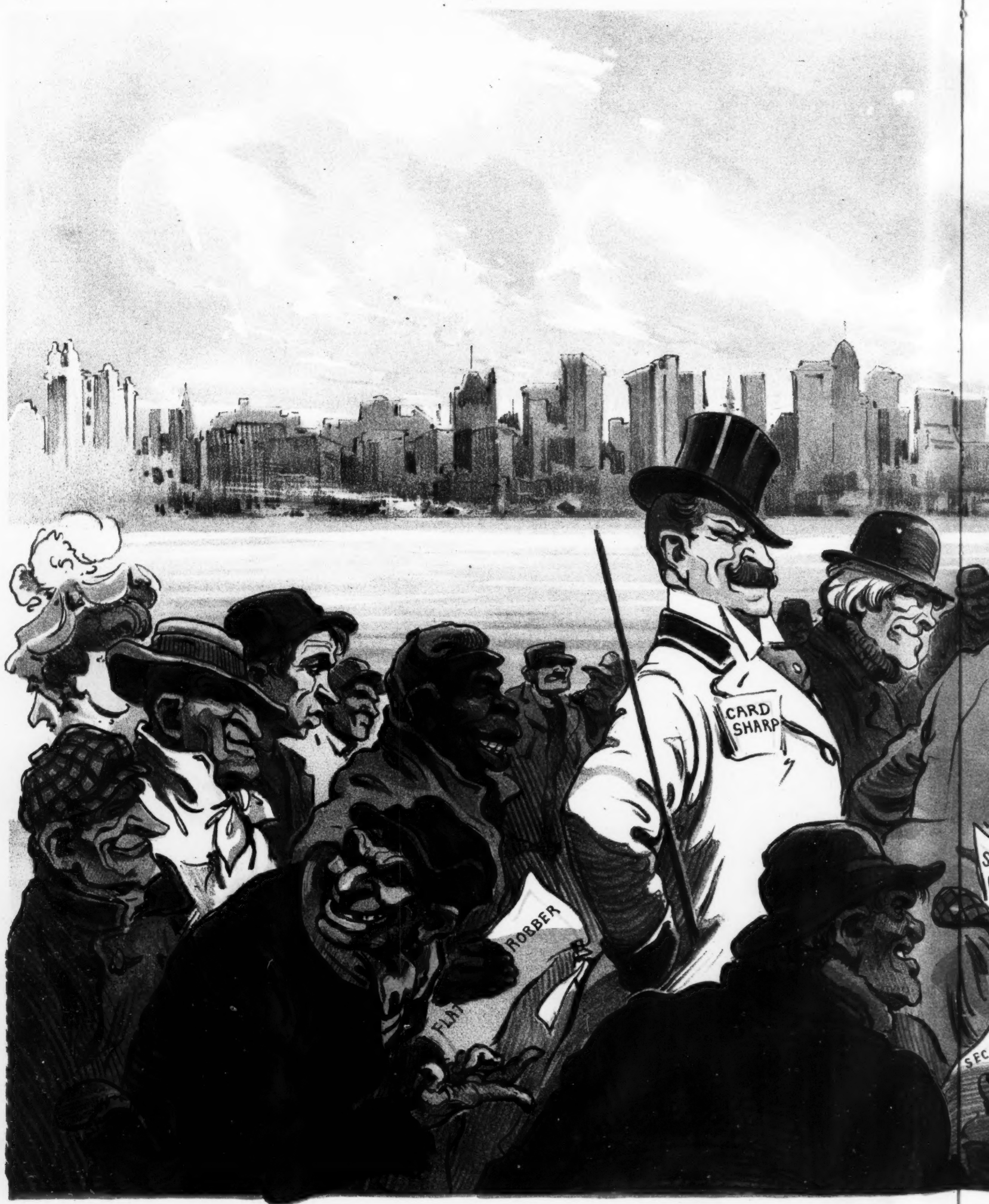


THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

THE AFFABLE TONSORIALIST.—I should think you *did* need a hair cut, Mr. Samson! Somebody home do this?

SAMSON.—Yep; Mrs. Samson. You'll get the job hereafter.

Eternal vigilance is the provincial price of liberty, and then only when it is in season. In New York, of course, everything is higher.



THE BIG ONES GO TO JERSEY—WH



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

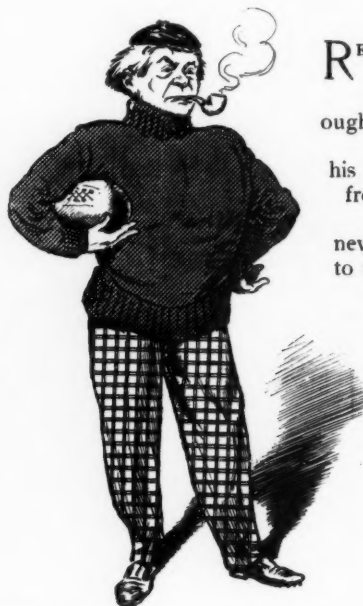
ERSEY—WHY CAN'T THE LITTLE ONES?

PUCK



OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

The teacher works 10 months for \$500, and the coach works 2 months for \$5,000.



AND THE PUBLIC STANDS FOR IT.

ACT I.

[SCENE.—The lobby of most any New York theater. A GENTLEMAN escorting three ladies steps to the window of the box office.]

THE GENTLEMAN.—I would like four seats in the parquet for this evening.

THE BOX-OFFICE MAN.—House sold out, sir.
[Exit GENTLEMAN and ladies.]

ACT II.

[SCENE.—The sidewalk outside the theater. A ticket speculator approaches the departing GENTLEMAN.]

SPECULATOR.—Seats for to-night, sir. Four good ones in parquet, G 8, 9, 10 and 11. Twelve dollars.

THE GENTLEMAN.—Go to the devil! (Is about to go to another theater when a happy idea strikes him. He loiters around the corner until the curtain rises, when he again enters the theater.)

ACT III.

[SCENE.—Same as Act I.]

THE GENTLEMAN.—Can you let me have four seats in the parquet for this evening?

THE BOX-OFFICE MAN.—Yes, sir. (Passes out G 8, 9, 10 and 11.)

SIMILAR.

THE STAR (of the Knight-stand Comedy Company).—Did you know there was a cigar named after me?

THE LOW COMEDIAN (whose salary is in arrears).—I guess that was one of them I just smoked.

THE STAR.—Indeed! What makes you think so?

THE LOW COMEDIAN.—It did n't draw very well.

THE average young fellow is willing to be a bread winner, but the trouble is he generally marries a girl who has been used to pie.

ON KETTLE HILL.

REVERENTLY, the honeymooners stood on lonely Kettle Hill. "This is where it happened," said she.

"I thought it was San Juan Hill," said he. "Still you ought to know."

"I really don't. We never could get Papa to talk about his gallant deeds. And if we spoke about them he always frowned and changed the subject."

"Great men are always modest. Cæsar, you know, never talked about the Rubicon. Hannibal never referred to the Alps."

"I suppose so. Is n't the view from here splendid, Nick!"

SPEAKER CANNON ON LINCOLN STEFFENS.

I'd go to Link and say to him, with compliment ironical:

"Sing Hey to you!

Good day to you!"

And that's what I should say—

"Your style is too straightforward and your thoughts are too cyclonical—

Sing Bah to you!

Pooh! Bah! to you!"—

And that's what I should say.

"Your articles are not the least high-sounding or poetical;

They jar on me, my nature is so daintily esthetical;

The arguments you use are to my notion quite heretical—

Sing Booh! to you—

Pooh! Pooh! to you!"—

And that's what I should say.

I'd tell him that he ought to make his articles more jocular—

"Sing Bah to you!

Ha! ha! to you!"—

And that's what I should say;

To write his stuff with tongue in cheek and wink the other ocular—

"Sing Tush to you!

Pish! tush! to you!"—

And that's what I should say.

"Your notions are too honest and your manner too didactical;

Your methods are not devious, your movements are not tactical;

In short, you're not admired by a politician practical:

So Hey to you!

Good day to you!"—

And that's what I should say.

THE connection between genius and degeneracy seems to be that genius is degeneracy after it has come in fashion.



THE JOKES OF THE ANCIENTS.

The Boarding-House-Grub-Joke reached the height of its popularity in the Chestnutian Dynasty, 5800 B. C.

THE WITNESS FOR THE PLAINTIFF.



I.

HIS FATHER'S SON (*ardently*).—Rose, dearest, I love you desperately! Say you will marry me! You shall have —
THE BURLESQUE QUEEN.—Wait a second, Percy.



II.

THE BURLESQUE QUEEN.—Now, Percy, dear, repeat your proposal in this. The record will come in handy in case your papa objects.

A ROMAN EPISODE.

"O GEMINI!" exclaimed the Father of the Gracchi, when the nurse informed him that it was twins.
And with this appropriate ejaculation he disappeared completely from the notice of history, leaving the centre of the stage thereafter, to the Mother of the Gracchi.



A BIG RISK.

BABBLING BROOKS.—I'm going in and ask dat woman for any old thing!
RAPID RIVERS.—Yer chump! She may have a bunch of unmarried daughters!

RICE.

ONE DAY, the Rajah, distributing the customary largess of rice to his hungry people, was made aware of two foreigners who regarded him narrowly. They were a man and a woman, and, as their garb betokened, out of the farthest West.

The next day he saw them there again, and the next, and the next, their interest seemingly deeper and deeper.

At length he accosted them.
"Do you never," he asked, "give rice away in your country?"

"In our country," exclaimed the man and the woman, with emotion of an evidently painful nature, "rice gives us away."

The Rajah was perplexed, but conjecturing, from their cold and formal demeanor toward each other, that they were newly married, he refrained, with the fine delicacy of his caste, from making further inquiry. Especially as the man, with more haste than speed, was brushing from his companion's gown some particles that had fallen from a newly-opened parasol.



AN ARCHDUKE.

HARROWING.

WHEN the reading reached the point in the story where the corsair attacked the doomed ship, the single gentleman sprang up and paced the floor, in great agitation.

"Pardon me," said he, "but I formerly took my meals in Jersey City, and I know what it is to be boarded by pirates."

Beads of perspiration, it should be added, did not omit to stand out upon his forehead.

BUT it must not be forgotten that it was absolutely impossible for the man who declared that fine words butter no parsnips to have any adequate understanding of the comprehensive scope of the modern jolly.

A man may consider himself in pretty fair health when a good supper makes him no crosser than a bad breakfast.

FOR YOU—A MAGAZINE POEM.

It is sweet to ride in a one-horse shay
By the dark of the glistening dawn.
It is joy to sprinkle the scattering spray
Of the hose on the verduous lawn.
The air is fresh with the salt of the sea,
And the sky is turquoise blue,
And here I sit, in the top of a tree,
And dream, sweetheart, of you!

The air is alight with the gleam of the dark,
And the glint of the wave-washed lea.
The stars shine out, each scintillant spark
With a message of love from me.
And here I sit, while the moonbeams glide,
With my pale brow damp with dew,
And the wind and the moon and the rising tide
Sing ever a song of you!

O sweet, 't is sweet, tout-de-suite to think
Through the glimmering waste of years,
And to see in the mists, where the shadows sink,
The guerdon of all our fears!
To dream of the joy of the sun-bathed climes
Where nothing is ever askew,
And to sit in the tree-top, and write these rhymes,
With the lilt of the lay, "For you!" — *Somerville Journal*.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT can now emerge from the comparative obscurity which customarily surrounds the bride's father.—*Washington Star*.

"NESTOR"
(Nestor Gianacis, Casro and Boston.)
CIGARETTES Per Package of Ten
are the pioneers of Egyptian Cigarettes—still inimitable in their true Oriental delicacy.
Also in tins of 50 and 100. **25¢**
Sold by all Clubs, Hotels and Prominent Dealers, if unobtainable, write us.
NESTOR GIANACIS CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

THE proof-reader makes his living by hunting for the faults of others, but outside of proof-reading that's pretty poor business.—*Somerville Journal*.

WILSON

That's All!

AFTER IMPROVEMENT.

BACON.—He has a plan for improving the environment of the theatre.

EGBERT.—What is it?

"Doing away with the ticket speculators." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

NOTHING NEW.

"How do you do?" said Miss Gaddie, who had just opened a millinery establishment, "did you know I was interested in business now?"

"Why, yes," replied Miss Knox, "I supposed you were, as usual, but I didn't know whose?" — *Cath. Standard and Times*.

RUSSIA'S fear of China also enables the Czar to keep a good-sized army as far as possible from the real seat of war.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE President makes it plain that he has not made any concession in his railway-rate plans. In other words, he would rather have a wreck on the main line than back onto a side-track and cut off the steam.—*Wash. Post*.

UP in the country there are farmers criticising the slow progress of Secretary Taft in digging the Panama canal who have never had enterprise enough themselves to dig a new well near the kitchen door, to save the trouble of carrying water from the old well out in the barnyard.—*Somerville Journal*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

PUCK PROOFS

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SISTER.
By "O'Neill."

Photogravure in Sepia, 19 x 14 in.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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PHOTOGRAVURES

FROM PUCK

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ORANGE BLOSSOMS. By "O'Neill."
Photogravure in Sepia, 14 x 19 in.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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FLIRTING.
By "O'Neill."

Photogravure in Sepia, 19 x 14 in.
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HUNTER WHISKEY

GOES ON
FOREVER



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THE OTHER WAY.

"I suppose your feelings sometimes lead you to say more than you intend," said the man who admires oratory.

"Never," answered Senator Sorghum. "But it sometimes happens that my intentions lead me to say more than I feel." — *Washington Star*.

NEW YORK STATE Democrats are demanding new leaders. The great need, however, is for new followers. — *Washington Post*.

THE new president of France is M. Armand Fallieres. It is an easy name to forget but not to pronounce. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THERE are occasions evidently when the active presence of mounted police add much to the happiness growing out of the simple life. — *Indianapolis News*.

A CHELSEA young man who has just broken his engagement, two months old, says that his motto is: Repent in haste and marry at leisure. — *Somerville Journal*.

For
Eggs

MEILHENNY'S
Tabasco
Sauce

You won't tire of the breakfast egg if you dress it with McIlhenny's — the original — Tabasco Sauce. In use half a century. Promotes digestion and makes Soups, Salads, Roasts, etc., more palatable.

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Economy is a watchword of the thrifty.

That's one reason so many prosperous people use Pears' Soap. *There's no waste about it.* It wears out, of course.

On sale everywhere.

SCIENTIFIC VALENTINE.

The rose is red,
The violet's blue;
Love's a disease
To bacilli due.
— *Cleve. Plain Dealer*.

If the applicant for the stenographer's vacant place is particularly good looking, it is a good plan for the business man to ask her to spell "separate." — *Somerville Journal*.

EVEN the man whose only vehicle is a baby carriage or a wheelbarrow has been reading with interest about the automobile races down at Ormond Beach. — *Somerville Journal*.

It is stated that Count Boni will be contented if his wife satisfies his claims against him. This would appear to suggest a very large measure of contentment. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A YOUNG woman burglar in New York, in one month's operations, plundered flats of articles worth \$3,000. That woman would do mighty well in business on Wall street. — *Atlanta Constitution*.

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Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

The World-Famed Blade
OF FINEST STEEL

"The Gillette" Blade is made of steel of neolithic hardness, fused and rolled into plate under a thermolytic heat, and tempered by the most wonderful process of the 20th century.

12 Blades, 24 Keen Edges.
It Satisfies Every User.



20 to 40 satisfying shaves from each blade.
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"The Gillette" saves 15 days' time each year.
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10 EXTRA BLADES, 20 SHARP EDGES, GOOD FOR A YEAR 50 cents
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Our New Combination Set with razor, including soap and brush in silver holders for traveling men.
Sold by Leading Drug, Cutlery and Hardware Dealers.

Ask to see them and for our booklet, or write for our special trial offer.
GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
1162 Times Building, New York

MME. BERNHARDT also knows by experience that the stage is often of great benefit to others besides the public. — *Detroit Free Press*.

CHINA claims to be arousing from her long nap. If this proves correct the ancient kingdom may be appropriately called the Rip Van Winkle among nations. — *Cleve. Plain Dealer*.



THE WINNER.

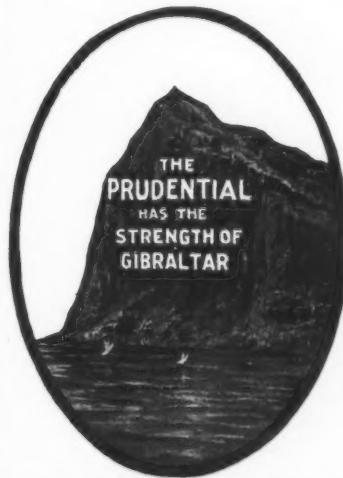
THE SPORT.— So de fight was a draw, hey? Den who got de purse?
THE CLUB MANAGER.— De captain of de Precinct.

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in sweetened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

From a Five Year Dividend Policyholder:

"I am greatly pleased to receive The Prudential's statement for the end of the five year term on the \$10,000 policy taken out five years ago, the proposition, viz:

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Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, Specimen Five Year Dividend Whole Life Policy.

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THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

We photographed him standing up,
And also sitting down;
We photographed his country place,
Likewise his house in town.
We pictured him all smiling,
And we pictured him severe;
We pictured him from infancy
To manhood, year by year.

We photographed him walking,
And as a horseman bold.
We kept on photographing till
His fame grew slightly cold.
A few years later if we chanced
His photograph to see,
We gave it just a casual look
And maybe said, "Who's he?"

—*Washington Star.*

QUITE DIFFERENT.

FOOTE LIGHTE.—I see the government maintains 392 egg-distributing stations in Ireland.

MISS SUE BRETTE.—Gracious! For the purpose of storming actors?

"Oh, no; to better the poultry of that island."

"Oh!" — *Yonkers Statesman.*

EVEN if a man can make a real pretty apology, he is n't wise to display his facility too often. — *Somerville Journal.*

If Pastor Wagner had accepted his invitation to the White House wedding he would have seen the simple life exemplified. — *Atlanta Constitution.*



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"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

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Rye Whiskey

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia

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Brochette**

by the Humorous Syndicate

**JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL
and BERT LESTON TAYLOR**

29 full-page Illustrations by **FRANK A. NANKIVELL**

This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

PRICE IN HANDSOME CLOTH BINDING ONE DOLLAR

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PUCK, New York

ABSORBED.

"What's that confounded office boy reading now? Another yellow fiction?"
"No; the baseball schedules are just out." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

In case of a Mongolian uprising the Chinese may see fit to carry the war into this country by making the chop suey still more indigestible. — *Wash. Star.*

MR. STEFFENS may be correct in his declaration that public opinion is behind President Roosevelt, but he should at least give it credit for doing the best it can to keep up. — *Indianapolis News.*

WHEN a man from the country makes a visit to the city, he cannot understand, when he hears the fire engine going by outside, why everybody does n't put on his hat and hurry and run after it. — *Somerville Journal.*

Evans' Ale

**A "Straight" Ale
from
Start to Finish**

Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Saloons,
Oyster and Chop Houses and Dealers

LITERARY REWARD.

"Brown lives on the royalties from his books, does n't he?"

"Yes; soup three times a week and a toothpick on Sunday!" — *Atlanta Constitution.*

VARIETY.

"How do college degrees benefit a man?"

"They vary the monotony," answered the scoffer, "by enabling him to wear initials after his name instead of before." — *Washington Star.*

SPITEFUL.

PATIENCE.—I see six tons of tallow candles have been stolen from a wharf in Boston.

PATRICE.—One of those Boston belles is going to have a birthday cake. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

TOUGH.

"That steak looks pretty thin, to me," observed the customer who was watching the butcher cut it off.

"Wait till you bite into it," said the butcher, "and you'll think it is thick enough!" — *Detroit Free Press.*

THE death of John A. McCall once more reminds the thoughtful that it is always pretty difficult to tell just what success is until afterward. — *Indianapolis News.*

THE theory that horseshoes bring good luck is contradicted by the experience of a man who picked up a new one that the blacksmith had just laid down. — *Somerville Journal.*

WHEN three professional men of from forty to fifty years of age get to talking together at the club, in the course of a few minutes the conversation is pretty sure to turn to the subject of indigestion. — *Somerv. Journal.*



THE EVERKLEAN boards no ranky, nauseating nicotine. You get at the seat of and do away with this foul, deadly gathering. Figure A, an air-tight tube, cut lengthwise through the centre (note how), slides apart, and the inside then being exposed is wiped quickly and nicely with a piece of rag or paper. Dotted lines 3 in stem show A in place. Slip C from B; take out A; separate the parts, clean and replace. Don't this beat half-hearted stick, straw, string cleaning gymnastics?
Send price \$1.00 for a nice Briar complete.
EVERKLEAN CO., 854 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Best Line to Cincinnati and St. Louis—New York Central.



Aged and Respected

With character and merit. The spirit of Kentucky hospitality; the essence of good cheer. The best whiskey for all uses. Gold medals at New Orleans, 1885; Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900, and Grand Prize, highest award, at World's Fair, St. Louis. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

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Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 296 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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22, 24 and 26 Bleeker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

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"I made fourteen calls this afternoon and don't feel a bit tired!" said Maude.

"How does that happen?"

"Every one that I saw told me how well I was looking!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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356 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

BRIEF MENTION.

REPORTER.—Now that I have described your dress and those of your maids, the house decorations and the presents, what shall I say of the bridegroom when we print the account of the wedding?

BRIDE-ELECT.—Well, I suppose his name must go in; you might say that he was among those present.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

ALMOST every middle-class American girl feels quite sure that she would refuse an offer of marriage from a foreign count if one should happen to propose to her.—*Somerville Journal.*

U. S. Gov't Guarantees

Every Dollar it Mints worth 100 Cents. It also guarantees our Whiskey which is Bottled in Bond in its Pure Natural State, under law of March 3rd, 1897, passed by Congress and signed by the President. Therefore every bottle of

Sunny Brook STRAIGHT Whiskey

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Is bottled under direct supervision of Gov't Officials and sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP"—proof of its age and purity. Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair, Avoid Whiskies not Guaranteed by U. S.

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THE VISITOR.—Do you find this a healthy spot during the summer?

THE NATIVE.—I should say so! It is low, marshy ground, over-spread, as you see, with the most delightful green scum.

HIS FUTURE.

HE.—What do you think will be the music of the future?

SHE.—It all depends on where you are going to spend it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE AUTHORITY.

"Man is the noblest work of God."
"H'm! Who says so?"

"Why, man, of course."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

With men of affairs, Abbott's Angostura Bitters are the great tonic and aid to digestion. They are recommended by leading physicians. All druggists.

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granted highest award over all makes at the World's Fair. Foreign Champagnes cost twice as much because they are obliged to pay duty and ship freight on them.

SERVED EVERYWHERE
AMERICAN WINE CO. ST. LOUIS

AN ALIBI.

"Who killed Cock Robin?"

"Not I," said the Sparrow, "for I have n't had my auto out in a month."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

It has been observed that the father with five homely daughters seldom thinks it necessary to keep a ferocious dog.—*Somerville Journal.*

Miller HIGH LIFE



Beer - Milwaukee

AND MORE OF IT.

The novice who abandons prose, Preferring to rehearse His thoughts in rhyme is one of those Who go from bad to verse.
—*Woman's Home Companion.*

JOHN JAMESON

THREE ★ ★ ★ STAR

WHISKEY

Based on the principle that the aim of distillation should be PURITY.

WORKING UP TRADE.

"I'm suspicious of that dentist!"

"What's the matter?"

"He's just started up a large molasses candy factory!"—*Detroit Free Press.*



YOU can't expect a made-in-a hurry cocktail to satisfy a palate used to better things. CLUB Cocktails are the original brand and the best.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

THE baseball schedules having been printed, it might be a good thing for you to begin to train yourself up by sitting on a hard chair in anticipation of the bleacher season.—*Indianapolis News.*

THE BEST LINE

BETWEEN
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IS THE
MONON ROUTE
Consult Your Local Ticket Agent

Puck's Sunday Supplement

COMIC CLARENCE AND SUPPLEMENT SAM ENTERTAIN ROYALTY.

